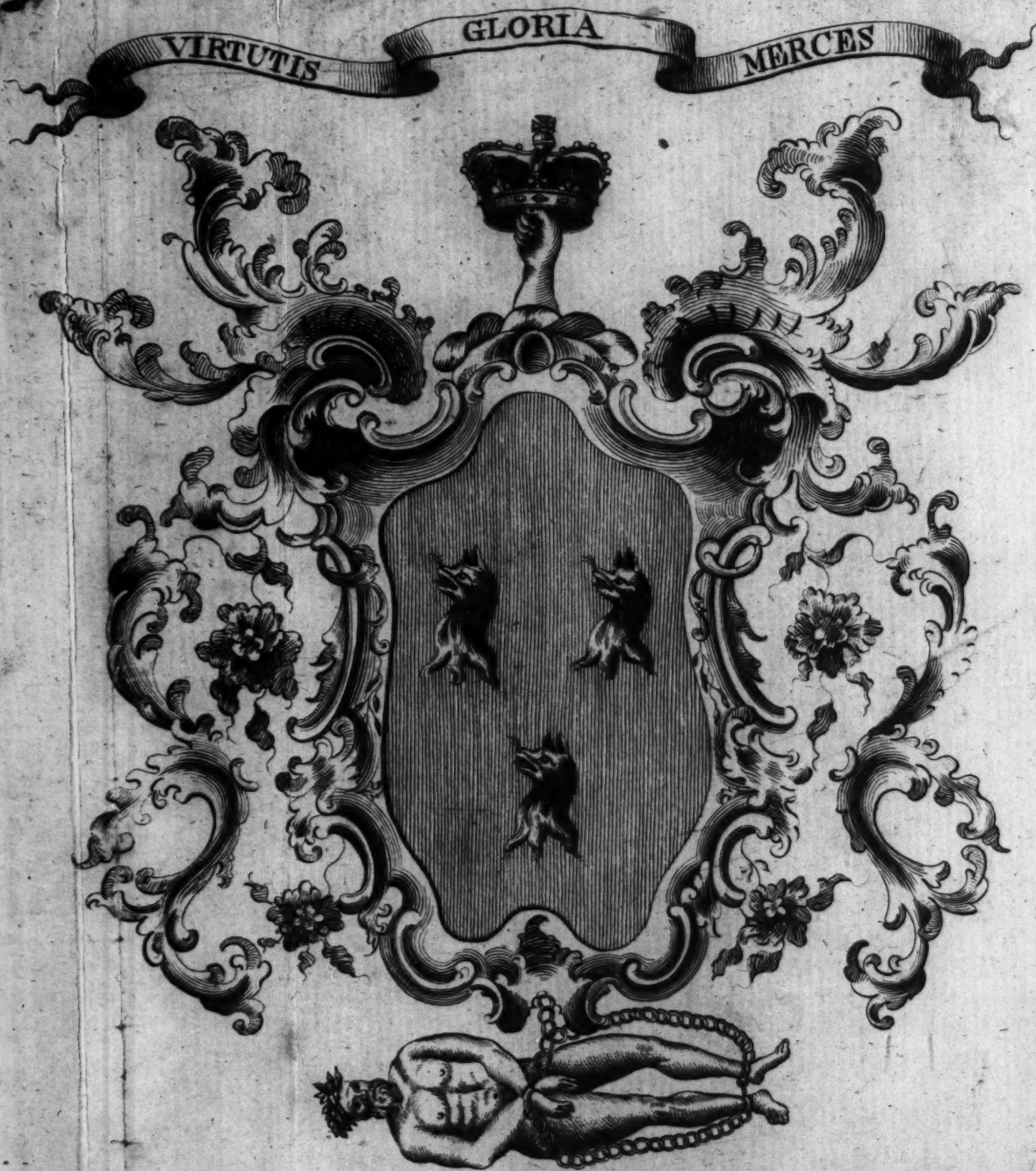


*Robertson of Stronach Carries Gules; three Wolves heads  
 Erased, Argent. Armed & langued Azure; Crest: a Dexter hand  
 Holding up an Imperial Crown proper. Motto. Virtutis Gloria  
 & Merces. Under the Escutcheon a Wild man lying Chained.  
 Printed by ALEX<sup>R</sup>. ROBERTSON. Printer in EDINBURGH.*



*Robertson of Stronach Carries Gules; three Wolves heads  
 Erased, Argent. Armed & langued Azure; Crest: a Dexter hand  
 Holding up an Imperial Crown proper. Motto. Virtutis Gloria  
 & Merces. Under the Escutcheon a Wild man lying Chained.  
 Printed by ALEX<sup>R</sup>. ROBERTSON. Printer in EDINBURGH.*



THE  
L I F E

OF

MRS. ROBERTSON, (H.)

K

GRAND-DAUGHTER OF CHARLES II.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

---

---

A TALE OF TRUTH AS WELL AS OF SORROW.

---

---

---

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY J. ROBERTSON, FOR THE AUTHOR;  
SOLD BY ROBERTSON AND BERRY, SOUTH BRIDGE STREET; \*  
AND T. HILL, BOOKSELLER, PERTH.

---

MDCXCII.





TO THE  
MOST NOBLE  
THE  
MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD,  
Es. Es. Es.  
THIS TREATISE,  
CALCULATED FOR THE  
IMPROVEMENT  
OF  
YOUNG LADIES  
IN THE  
NICE AND ORNAMENTAL ARTS,  
IS INSCRIBED BY,  
HER LADYSHIP'S  
MOST OBEDIENT AND MOST OBLIGED.  
HUMBLE SERVANT,  
HANNAH ROBERTSON.

TO THE

MOST NOBLE

THE

MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD

OF

THIS TREATISE

CALCULATED FOR THE

IMPROVEMENT



YOUNG LADIES

IN THE

ART AND ORNAMENTAL ARTS

IS INSCRIBED BY

MRS LADYSHILL

MOST OBEYANT AND MOST AFFECTIONATE

HOUSE SERVANT

MARIAH ROBERTSON

## SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Mrs. Alcock.  
 Mr. Alcock.  
 Dutchefs of Athole, Inver-  
     esk, 2 copies.  
 Mrs. Borrow.  
 Richard Bateman, Esq;  
 Mrs. Bevrige.  
 Mrs. Bateman, Shardlow.  
 Mrs. Boswell, Bath.  
 Mrs. Brougham.  
 Mr. Benfon.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Blyth, 4 do.  
 Dutchefs of Buccleugh.  
 Lady Belches, Invermay.  
 Lady Crawford.  
 Miss Crawford.  
 Miss L. Crawford.  
 Mr. Alexander Crawford.  
 Rev. John Crawford.  
 Miss Caldwell.  
 Miss Arabella Caldwell.  
 Mrs. Crosbie, Dublin.  
 Miss Sherbrooke Cope, Ar-  
     nold.  
 Miss Choune.  
 Miss Crewe.  
 Mrs. Charnels, Swipstone.  
 The Right Hon. the Coun-  
     tess of Carlisle.  
 Mrs. Carlisle.  
 Mr. Alexander Cruikshanks,  
     Edinburgh.  
 Rev. Mr. Craig, Currie, 4  
     copies.  
 Mrs. Cunningham, Boning-  
     ton.  
 Peter Craig.  
 John Caw.  
 The Right Hon. Lady Ara-  
     bella Denny, Dublin.  
 Mrs. Darwin.  
 Dr. Darwin.

Mr. Darwin.  
 Miss Dobinson.  
 Mrs. Davidson, Currie.  
 Patrick Duncan, 2 copies.  
 Mrs. Evans.  
 Dr. Emmet, State Physician.  
 The Right Hon. Lady Anne  
     Fitzgerald, Dublin.  
 Miss Fitzmaurice, Dublin.  
 R. French, Esq;  
 Mrs. Fox.  
 Mr. F. Fox.  
 Mr. Edward Fox.  
 The Hon. Miss Fox.  
 Mr. William Falconder, 2  
     copies.  
 A. Faichney, 2 copies.  
 Mrs. Galton, Birmingham.  
 John Gilpin.  
 James Gordon, Merchant.  
 John Gillies, 2 copies.  
 The Earl of Harrington.  
 The Countess of Harrington.  
 Right Hon. Lady Harcourt.  
 Lord Harcourt.  
 Lord Harrowby.  
 Lady Anne Henry, Dublin.  
 Mrs. and Mr. C. Holden.  
 The Rev. G. Haggit.  
 Miss Herbert, Dublin.  
 Mrs. Hamilton, Swipstone,  
     Leicestershire.  
 Miss Hutchison.  
 Mrs. Harrington.  
 Susanna Holme.  
 Sarah Hodgson.  
 Mary Holme.  
 Mrs. Hardie, Currie.  
 Mr. John Hay, Wright.  
 Thomas Hill, 2 copies.  
 Miss Irevin.  
 Thomas Jones, Esq;



# SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Lewis Jones, Esq;  
 The Rev. Mr. Johnson.  
 Dr. Johnson.  
 The Marquis of Landsdowne.  
 The Countess of Lincoln.  
 The Duc. de Livy.  
 Robert Luthropp, Esq;  
 Mrs. Long, Rowden Hills.  
 Mrs. Lellie, Leicestershire.  
 Mrs. Lane.  
 Mr. Lodge.  
 Miss Lawton.  
 Miss Losh.  
 Mr. John Logan, Currie.  
 George Lamb.  
 David Lumfdaime.  
 Mrs. Wright, of Lawton.  
 Mrs. Mundy.  
 Col. Maften, Bath.  
 T. Mellon, Esq;  
 Mr. F. Meynell.  
 Miss Meynell.  
 Mr. Morgan.  
 Mr. John Mitchison, 2 do.  
 Mr. George Miller, Merchant, Edinburgh, 2 do.  
 Mr. Macboull.  
 — M'Intosh.  
 Donald Macdonald.  
 Mrs Capt. M'Dowly.  
 James Miller.  
 Lady E. Moncrieff.  
 Mrs. Northey, Bol, near Bath.  
 Mrs. Nicholas.  
 Mrs. Nickolson, 4 do.  
 Mr. Nevison.  
 Charles O'Hara, Esq;  
 Lord Henry Petty.  
 Will. Paries, Esq;  
 Mrs. Pole.  
 Mr. Pole.  
 Miss Pole.  
 Miss M. Pole.  
 Mrs. Mary Pointy, Bath.  
 Mr. Archdeacon Paley.  
 Mrs. Pringle;

Mr. Tho. Rawson.  
 Mr. William Ramsay.  
 Alexander Robertson, 2 copies.  
 Colonel Robertson, Stovan, 2 copies.  
 Miss Robertson.  
 Hon. Miss Rollo.  
 John Rofs.  
 The Right Hon. Marchioness of Stafford, 3 copies.  
 Lady Dowager Spencer.  
 Miss Smith, Spaw.  
 Colonel S. Smith, Esq; Spaw.  
 J. S. Smith, Esq; Spaw.  
 Miss Snowden.  
 Mr. William Strutt.  
 Mr. Joseph Strutt.  
 Mr. Stables.  
 Mr. William Sherbrook, Arnold.  
 Miss Spring, Dublin.  
 Lord Stormont, 2 copies.  
 T. H. Sutton.  
 Mrs. Stewart.  
 Miss Stirling.  
 Major Trowell.  
 W. Taylor, Currie.  
 Mr. Tod, Kinleith, near Currie.  
 Lady Vernon.  
 Lady Dowager Vernon.  
 The Hon. Miss Vernon.  
 Miss A. Vernon.  
 The Right Hon. Marchioness of Wovlter.  
 Lord Wycombe.  
 Robert Wilmot, Esq;  
 Mrs. R. Wilmot.  
 Rev. W. Walker, Vicar of Arnold, Nottinghamshire.  
 Mrs. Watson.  
 Miss Waugh, 4 copies.  
 John Young.  
 Lady unknown.  
 Miss ———

---

My dear infant orphans, long before you arrive at an age to peruse these sheets, your unfortunate grandmother will be no more. Though at the age of sixty-seven, it is not from a decay of nature she dies, but a disorder not mentioned in the bills of mortality, I mean a broken heart, having buried nine children, besides grandchildren. When I take a retrospect of my life, what scenes of sorrow does it recal to my mind! To look forward, what other prospect does it present to my view, but being obliged to an unfeeling world, instructing them in those arts by which I might earn a scanty maintainance for myself, and you, my beloved orphans. Ought I then to repine at leaving you to the Father of mercy, who feeds the young ravens, and beautifully clothes the lilly of the valley; and who is the orphan's shield and stay. Remember him, my dearest babes, while young, and he will never leave nor forsake you if old. Should I no longer be permitted to guide your infant steps on earth, Milton says, millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we sleep, and when we wake; all these ceaseless praise his work, beheld both day and night. Oh! may I be amongst that number of blessed spirits, and be permitted to watch your infant slumbers by night, and guard you by day.

The amiable lady at whose request I wrote the following narrative, will be my babys friend when I am no more.

HANNAH ROBERTSON.

My dear friend, when I was young, I was  
 at an age to pursue these things, and I was  
 grandmother will be no more. I was at the  
 of forty-seven, it is not from a decay of nature, but  
 this, but a disorder not mentioned in the Bible or  
 in reality. I read a broken heart, having buried  
 nine children, besides grandchild. When I take a  
 retrospect of my life, what scenes of sorrow does it  
 reveal to my mind! To look forward, what other  
 prospect does it present to my view, but being obli-  
 ged to an unfeeling world, intruding them in those  
 acts by which I might earn a scanty maintenance  
 for myself, and my beloved orphans. Ought I  
 then to rejoice at leaving you to the father of men,  
 who feeds the young ravens, and beautifully  
 clothes the lily of the valley; and who is the or-  
 phan's shield and stay. Remember him, my dear  
 babes, while young, and he will never leave you for-  
 take you if old. Should I no longer be permitted to  
 guide your infant steps on earth, Milton says, "mis-  
 lions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen,  
 both when we sleep, and when we wake; will this  
 careless prattle his weak, belied both day and night."  
 Oh! may I be amongst that number of blessed spirits,  
 and be permitted to watch your infant flunners by  
 night, and guard you by day.  
 The amiable lady at whose request I wrote the fol-  
 lowing narrative, will be my baby's friend when I  
 am no more.

HANNAH ROBERTSON



MADAM,

CAN the sad events of a life like mine—can the many misfortunes which have been poured upon me afford you any entertainment? I know it will not; your gentle and compassionate heart, who feels for the unhappy, may cause you drop a tear on those sheets when I am no more.

In your last, you requested me to write a narrative of my life; uneducated as I have been, how can I attempt such a task?—Besides, my life has been a life of sorrow, on which my mind looks back with pain, but your request is a command to me; and I know you will forgive the thousand imperfections of my style. When I first entered life, education was judged of little consequence to a female; in those days it was thought sufficient for a woman to acquire a knowledge of domestic œconomy and the use of her needle. You will see hereafter, Madam, that it was to my own natural taste for reading, and for the elegant arts, that I am indebted for the few accomplishments which I have since acquired.

My father, during his life, was favoured with the friendship of the worthy family of B——y; a family for many hundred years distinguished for every virtue that truly dignifies the Gentleman or the Christian. From them, perhaps, you have heard, that my father was a son of Charles the Second. He was born in Windsor Castle, towards the close of the reign of that Prince his mother being a daughter of the D—— family; a name too noble and distinguished to appear in the same narrative with mine; but which, in confidence, was it required, I should not object to reveal.

By the King's desire, my father was conveyed to Scotland, and placed under the care of one Mr. Gib-

son, master of the Mint in Edinburgh, a worthy man, and one of the society of Quakers. My father's name was Swan, he having received that name from his nurse, who was wife to a gunner belonging to the Castle. He turned out very wild ; and, when young, married one Miss Ramsay, whose brother was an eminent merchant in Borrowstownness. She brought him twelve children, who all died in infancy. Mrs. Swan was a bigot in the Presbyterian profession, which religion her husband professed for many years ; but, when he became sober and sedate, he turned Quaker. His religious wife thought it no crime to squander away his fortune amongst her own relations, being herself past child-bearing ; and, by this time my father was possessed of a considerable property. To prevent her from such practices, he expended upwards of three thousand pounds in building houses in the Gorbals (Glasgow) and though upwards of one hundred and five years since, the date remains on sundry of the houses yet standing.

I forgot to mention, that on the death of Mr. Gibson, when he divided his fortune amongst his children, my father had all along passed for his nephew ; though he then declared that he was no relation, but intrusted to his care by Charles the Second, whose son he ever believed him to be. But, to return to my father, he lost his wife, and it being natural for him to wish for a child of his own to inherit his fortune, he paid his addresses to Miss Anna Huntington, a lady in Carlisle, who, from the importunity of her father and brothers, gave her reluctant consent, in consideration of his fortune ; for my father was then in his sixty-third year, and she only twenty-two. After their marriage they came to Glasgow. My mother was then in the bloom of life, had a most agreeable face, and, in other respects what the Scots calls a fine woman, being five feet ten inches high. Both my father and mother were much esteemed by the families in that kingdom. It is well known that most of the nobility in Scotland, in those days, were friends to the Stuart family. A noble Lord

attached to that family, one day asked my father, why the King did not make him a Duck \*, as well as the rest of his sons? Because, says he, my father knew I was of a superior breed †, and therefore made a Swan of me. I have been told that the Dutchess of Hamilton, after her lord had lost his head, would permit no more than one chair to be in her room, lest any man should sit down in her presence; but, when my father visited her, she ordered a second, to do honour to the blood in his veins.

My father had six children by his young wife, besides myself. I was born the 24th of October 1724. A younger brother and a sister, with myself, were all that remained of my father's numerous family, when he died suddenly, in the year 1730, being seventy-two years of age.

His fortune had been much impaired by a variety losses, yet he left his widow in comfortable circumstances, and his children comfortably provided for. I felt my father's loss very sensibly, having (like little Benjamin of old), been the darling of his heart, and the pride of his old age. My dear father's affection had rendered him equally blind to my faults, and my follies; this excited my vanity, by reminding me that I was the grand-daughter of a King. His dependants were not unmindful of his fondness and infirmities; they soon found that the surest way to his favour was by addressing his darling child, with the respect, and almost the honours of royalty; so that his servants, tenants, and all the inferior inhabitants, never approached me without a flattering title; but, like many of that family, my reign was short.

My mother was soon consoled for her loss; she had not reached her thirtieth year, when, about that time, a plan was established for settling linen manufactories, and bleaching-fields in Scotland. Mr. Alexander Christie, and a son of Provost Drummond's, set up the

\* Duck and Duke is pronounced the same in the Scots.

† Meaning by the Mother.



first at Ormiston, to make the cloth and whiten it in the method practised in Ireland. Alexander Christie was a handsome and portly man. My mother, whose inclination, I have already said, had not fixed her first choice, would now please herself. Mr. Christie paid his addresses to her, and before the year was well out, my mother married her second husband. At this time I was six years old, but already knowing I was the grandchild of a King, my little heart swelled with the idea. I refused to call my new parent father, though he treated me with parental kindness; and I was too proud to join the children of a neighbouring school, to which I was ordered to go. I retired unseen to a closet, which I called my own, and laid out the little money I could get in paints, paper, &c. and thus early, and without any mistress but kind nature, began to practise myself in embroidery, drawing, making flowers and other elegant works of fancy; works which ever after continued to be the amusement of my leisure hours in prosperity, and to which I am indebted for an unfailing resource during a long and painful series of adverse fortune. After some years we left Glasgow, and settled in Perth, in 1736, near this place Mr. Christie took long leases from Lord Kinnoul of a large tract of land, which was entirely barren and uncultivated; as indeed at that time was most of the country around. Mr. Christie got a grant of the House of Balhousie, the jointure house of Lady Kinnoul; which, from its orchard and gardens, made it the most elegant situation about Perth. I was then about ten years of age, at the time Mr. Christie began his improvements at the Tulloch; he cut canals, planted orchards, divided his ground in inclosures, raised quick thorn hedges, and crab trees within them, and built a neat box of a house, and offices. The quick progress it made from a wild and barren heath, to the beauties it appeared in, one might have imagined that it, like the palace of Pandemonium, had rose by magick. We removed to this little Paradise when I was about fifteen, and here we lived in ease, in affluence, and, I may just-

ly say, in profusion. Surrounded by the awful mountains and majestic forests of Perthshire, encircled also by its foaming rivers and romantic glens, my contemplative mind, and I may be permitted to say also, my luxuriant fancy, enjoyed the most sublime emotions. The most elegant delight, forgive me, Madam, if my imagination involuntarily dwells with enthusiasm on those enchanting scenes; where, separated from the world, and unfettered by its follies and its form, we lived like the patriarchs of old, in a land of milk and honey, encompassed only by our families, our herds, and our hills; but, alas! our happiness was not complete; even in this terrestrial Paradise, like the innocent inhabitants of Eden, one evil spirit found means to interrupt our repose. My mother's husband (whom I ever refused to call my father), possessing a depraved inclination, and a vulgar mind, felt no pleasure but in scenes of dissipation and folly. He frequented those few towns that were within reach of our retirement, preferring the rude revelry of riot, to the sacred silence of philosophic solitude; often returning, like a bacchanal, to profane those scenes which should have been consecrated to contemplation and to wisdom. Mr. Christie's intemperance interrupted the happiness of my mother; and, though it alienated her affections from her husband, it seemed to unite them to her children more strongly. That maternal affection, which they were indulged with while blest with both their parents, was no more. I was no longer flattered with my former titles. My mother had three lovely children to Mr. Christie, which did not only engross her affections, but her time; so that we became as aliens to her; but it pleased the divine Disposer of all events to deprive her of them. The being deprived, not only of them, but of the affections of a man to whom she had not only sacrificed herself, but likewise her children's interest, was too much for her spirits to support. I devoted myself entirely to administer consolation to her, by endeavouring to dissipate her desponding thoughts: I was the only friend to whom

she unbosomed her secret sorrow: my young heart entered warmly into her interests, and partook of all her griefs. I loved my mother with sincere affection, and had nearly fallen a victim to her suffering. My health daily declined, and my case was now considered of more importance than hers. We consented, with mutual tears, to a temporary separation; and I was sent, by way of relaxation, to visit my grandfather, and my uncle Doctor Huntington, at Carlisle. I was met there by my uncle, Doctor Huntington, from Gainsborough. None of the ten children of my grandfather were married but my mother, so that it may easily be supposed I was a favourite in such a family; but the time being protracted, from various causes, it was two years before I returned. During that visit, which proved one of the most happy periods of my life; I formed a friendship with a young gentleman of uncommon merit, son to Doctor H——, and, perhaps, it may appear still more uncommon to say, that at so early an age, and with affections disengaged, though he won the utmost degree of my good will, and good wishes, he never gained my love.

Soon after my return from Carlisle, I was informed this young gentleman was dead, and that his death was imputed to his attachment for me; this circumstance preyed upon my mind, and that gloomy cast of feature which marks the child of sorrow, began, from that time, to be immoveably fixed. My return from Carlisle was in the year 1744. Soon after that time I became acquainted with Captain B——, a young officer of a good family, and of great expectations; but it was the elegance of his manners, with the charms of his mind, that vanquished my heart. Our mutual attachment encreased with our acquaintance; he paid his addresses in form to my parents, who promoted the connection. Captain B—— was the younger son of a gentleman in the county of Durham, who possessed an estate of eight thousand a-year; his elder brother too was in so declining a state, that my lover was the only apparent heir to his father's extensive possessions. Mr.



B——'s second son died at this time; his eldest, who had led a life of folly and dissipation, was given over by the physicians at Bath. Captain B—— wrote me this account, and added, what was that fortune to him, if not shared with the woman of his heart. I am not conscious, however, that interest had any share in fixing my choice, and indeed at that time the alliance of nobility could scarcely have flattered my vanity. Knowing from whom I sprung, I was not permitted to forget it by some of the friends of that family. Mr. Christie, my mother, and I, spent a few months in Edinburgh, in the year 1744. We were invited to spend the day with a certain Baronet, of the name of M——, near Perth. After dinner he drank to a good husband to me, and told me he had got a present for me; pulling out a paper, he presented me with a pair of buttons, set with table stones, with hair under, and desired, when I looked at them, they might put me in mind what I was.

At this time Captain B—— came to Edinburgh to visit me; he informed me he would have been with me two days sooner, but was obliged to go on a most disagreeable expedition, which was to seize the Duke of Perth, and all his papers. A King's Lion Herald from Edinburgh was to take part of Handyside's regiment from Stirling with him. They were to march by three o'clock in the morning, in the most private manner; but an old officer, a Frenchman, ordered the drums to beat to arms, by which the inhabitants of Stirling were alarmed. The Duke, having many friends there, got intelligence in time to secure his papers, and make his escape. The Dutcheß, and Lady Mary, behaved in a most polite manner to the officers, and ordered meat and drink for the men; so ended that affair. Every thing was preparing to celebrate my marriage with Captain B——. He had been left a house and three hundred pounds a-year by his grandfather, independent of his father. This house he intended for me; he told me that he never would wish me to go with the regiment, as he intended to leave it as soon as honour would permit.

He set off from Perth with an intention to have his house put in order for me. In a few days after, there was an order from the War Office, ordering every officer to join his regiment. His regiment, with others, was ordered to Flanders. He was compelled to march at the head of his soldiers, he fought for his country, and died reinforcing Ghant.

I retired to the country, where I spent my time in the deepest gloom. Company was intolerable; but time, that softens every sorrow, brought me to a state of resignation, with a full determination to fight no more for man; but how weak are human resolves.—Frailty, thy name is woman.—Thus disappointed in my first attachment, increased my natural propensity to gloom, and reflection, which was still heightened and confirmed by the horrid scenes to which I was witness to, during the rebellion in the years 1745 and 1746; yet I have sometimes since thought, that to these scenes of horror I am indebted for a firmness, perhaps a callosity of mind, which has since rendered me less vulnerable to the arrows of outrageous fortune. I was in Perth during several engagements with an unruly mob in that neighbourhood, yet my mind being employed with still more interesting subjects, like Charles the Twelfth when a bomb burst in his chamber, I could sit and listen to the cannon with stoical apathy, though it frequently happened that every pane of glass in the windows were demolished in the house where I resided, and a ball once passed through the bed in an apartment next to that in which I was sleeping.

But the many dismal scenes to which I was an eye-witness during this time, I shall pass over in silence; they have been often recorded: and to your gentleness, Madam, which vibrates too easily at a tale of woe, why should I give unnecessary pain, my own story of itself is too heavily laden.

During the time that the Duke of Cumberland and his army lay in Perth, we were visited often by Doctor J——n, whom we had known some years before. As the regiment he belonged to continued twelve

months in Perth. The Doctor was a sedate sensible man, and Mrs. J——n was young and gay, therefore, I being then only fifteen, we were fond of each other's company. A captain in that regiment, who might have been my father, took it in his head to fancy he was in love with a giddy girl. He got Mrs. J——n on his side. She used every argument to persuade me, as she wanted me for a companion, but I was determined never to give my hand while my heart did not approve of the gift. I parted with her, with concern on both sides; she accompanied her husband to Flanders, where she died, and left a son and daughter. The death of his wife, and the leaving his two infants in a foreign country, preyed so much on his spirits, that he appeared in the last stage of a consumption, and died in a few months after he introduced a younger brother of his, and begged our civilities to him, should he ever be stationed at Perth. Mr. J——n was none of the Adonis breed, therefore I could not judge, from so short an acquaintance, of his intellectual qualities, and bade him adieu with great indifference.

I need not mention the sudden retreat of the rebels, or the march of the Duke's army, as they have been given to the public by much abler pens than mine. After the rebellion was over, and the different regiments ordered to leave the North, amongst the number was Lord George Sackville's, which was ordered to be stationed at Perth, to which regiment Captain J——n belonged. He came to visit me, and informed us of his brother's death. He often repeated his visits; he was sensible and sedate, much older in years than myself, but my disposition was equally serious and sentimental with his, being still in low spirits for the death of Captain B——. I soon felt a relief from his conversation, and an uncommon similarity of character and opinions soon united us in the bonds of a refined and platonic friendship; which, by imperceptible gradation, softened into a more tender attachment. The image of Captain B—— no longer haunted my imagination, which



was now agreeably engaged in the contemplation of my future felicity; for however impossible it might once have appeared, I was now fully sensible that my heart had formed not only a second but as strong an attachment. My mother would readily have consented to any engagement likely to make me happy. She promoted our connection; and, after some months, the day was appointed for our marriage. In three days I was to have been Mrs. J——n; but, alas! within those three fatal days, the regiment was also ordered away to the siege of Bergenopzoom. Captain J——n was very importunate that the ceremony should be performed before he left me, but my friends obstinately refused that I should become, as they said, a wife and widow in the same day; we, however, mutually signed a contract; a contract, the breach of which, I am apt to imagine, I owe most of my misfortunes to. What is marriage, but a mutual consent of parties? If my husband and innocent children did not suffer on my account, I deserve all I have met with, but let my story be a warning to others.

In due time, I had an account of the safe arrival of the troops, and their marching to Bergenopzoom. For some time I often heard from him, and soon after heard no more. I counted the slow hours; I watched the winds in vain. My brother-in-law, Mr. ———, to whom my letters were directed, amused me for some time, assuring me it was the fate of letters to be intercepted in time of war. News at last came that the siege was over, and that the army was returning; but the next post informed, that the transport in which Captain J——'s company had embarked, was wind-bound; then that it failed; that it had reached England after a tedious voyage of five months, during which time the whole crew had experienced the most complicated misery, and that the two officers who accompanied the men were dead. Alas! Madam, with what horror do I yet look back to that period. With anguish that cannot be expressed. I received the intelligence that my lover was no

more; I mourned for him many months, with every proof of a sincere and unaffected sorrow; a sorrow which, as you will see hereafter, Madam, long survived every solemn ceremonial of affliction; and you see, Madam, that twice, as I then supposed, I had lost my intended husbands by violent deaths. I was for ever after resolved to lead a single life with the best of mothers.

It may be asked why I chose to set my affections on the gentlemen of the army? Their profession, I declare, I never liked, though they were the men I had the greatest opportunity to converse with. It must be allowed, that in such a body of men there must be some bad characters; yet I do not know any society of men possessed of more sense, more honour, generosity, or feeling.

As I have already mentioned Mr. Christie's foible, a tradesman, or one of small fortune, did not choose a wife from so extravagant a family; but though Mr. Christie was so, there was few women that understood the œconomy of a family better than my dear mother; nor was she deficient in any branch of domestic employment. As elegance in setting out a table was very little understood in Scotland in those days, I mean in a middling line of life, her's might convey the air of extravagance, but be assured good housewifery was the foundation of all, and her expences smaller than that of those who had scarcely decency to boast of.

My sister, though three years younger than me, married some years before me a gentleman of the law. She was not seventeen before she became a mother; her husband was ten years older, and being a man of sense and prudence, was capable to direct her in every department of life. She became the happy mother of thirteen children, whom she suckled, and to whose education she devolved her life; but as no state, or situation, be it ever so happy is permanent, she lost her husband, but not till he saw nine of his children taking the road of virtue that leads to happiness. After the death of her husband, this world

had no charms for her; she soon languished, drooped, and died. She left seven sons and two daughters, who are treading in the footsteps of their parents.

But, to return to my own story. My stepfather's father was John Christie of Mollatan. He had five sons, the handsomest men I ever saw in one family. They lived in great plenty, possessed of every Christian virtue, and beloved by all the country round. Where then could a youth, just come from the grammar-school, who had every appearance of a wild dissipated disposition, be so properly placed, as in this worthy family. My dear brother, I may say, was at a proper time snatched from destruction, and bound apprentice to James Christie, brother to his stepfather, who was a truly good man. There he learned the linen business. Mr. Thomas Christie, the youngest of the family, made a fortune, I have been told, of forty thousand pounds. He married his only child to Mr. Wakefield, merchant in London, but she dying early in life, he left most of his fortune to charitable uses.

My dear brother, after the expiration of his apprenticeship returned to Perth. At this time I was solitary; my sister being married and left the house, I had no companion, and as visiting was never amongst the number of my pleasures, I felt a vacuum in my heart, which I wanted a sentimental friend to fill up. In my beloved brother I found that friend. Our dispositions were the same, and all our sentiments corresponded. In one thing we only differed; he seemed pleased that I had lost Captain J——. I know it was his affection for me that he did not wish me to leave him.

He had contracted a friendship for a Mr. Robertson, while at school, which was renewed on my brother's return; he had lost both his parents, and was his own master. Intimacy with my brother afforded him frequent introductions to our family. I know not why, his affections were soon placed on me; he knew my afflictions, and, perhaps, he pitied me; for as the poets tell, no pity melts the soul to love. As



for me, I remained in a state of unshaken insensibility to his addresses, but my friends were urgent that I should accept his proposals. My mother particularly was importunate; thinking, perhaps, that a new and fortunate attachment might obliterate all remembrance of the past. Things were in this train, when Mr. Robertson's two aunts got Doctor ——'s lady to solicit my mother to persuade me, either to discard Mr. Robertson, or marry him, as they thought his attachment to me prevented him from minding his business. I was in a bad state of health, and thought more of my grave than a husband. With reluctance, and almost with a foreboding mind, I was persuaded to give my assent, feeling only one satisfaction, that I was making the sacrifice to the ardent solicitations of a mother I tenderly loved.

It was in the 1749 that the day was a third time fixed for my marriage. Company was invited, and every elegance prepared. The relations and friends of both sides composed a large company; the young people all around looked forward as to a jubilee. The day before the appointed one for my marriage, I got up in the morning, but found my whole nervous system deranged; my heart was sad and harassed with my own reflections, and sinking under afflictions which I could no longer suppress, I retired to bed to indulge my sorrow; I was seized with an universal tremor. Many may think I had an aversion to my intended husband—quite the reverse—I had not.—All the wealth in the mines of Peru would not have tempted me.—As I imagined Captain J—— was no more, there was no other man that I would have preferred before Mr. Robertson; yet still there was a secret impulse told me I was wrong, which makes me agree with Mr. Pope,—

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do;  
That teach me more than hell to shun,  
That more than heav'n pursue.

Two ladies and two gentlemen who came from Perth were to pass two days with us. The ladies came up

to my bed-room, the gentlemen staid with the company below. My brother received a card, requesting him immediately to call on a gentleman just arrived at Perth; how great was his surprise, in the stranger to find my beloved Captain J——. His letters had been intercepted. He had embarked on board the transport, but an unexpected accident had recalled him to land before the vessel sailed; and from that time, a strange and even romantic concurrence of unfortunate events, had detained him abroad.

As you, Madam, have been so happy as not to experience my fate, it is impossible that you can form a conception of my feelings, when I found that my lover lived. The night was spent in alternate paroxysms of horror and despair, and the utmost exertion of my fortitude and philosophy was barely sufficient to support me through the succeeding scenes with apparent composure. Perhaps it may be considered as a false sense of honour, that preserved me unshaken in the engagement I had formed with Mr. Robertson.

The next morning rose, not big with the fate of Rome, but the fate of H. Swan. I endeavoured to compose my features for the occasion, and suffered myself to be adorned with the ornaments of a bride. I was led like a victim crowned with garlands to the altar, renouncing for ever the man I loved, and entering into the most solemn engagements to love that man, whom now I considered the fatal cause of future woe.

We spent the two following days at my father's house; which habitation, for many days, exhibited one continued scene of feasting and joy. I also endeavoured to put on the exterior of contentment, while my tortured soul was convulsed within me. On the afternoon of the third day, I was conducted to my husband's house, and there put in possession of every elegance essential to the comforts of life. I had an honourable, though not an immense house, furnished in a taste superior to the usual style of those days. I remember to have been almost the first person who possessed, at that time, and in that part of

the country, an entire tea equipage of plate, which I received as presents from the relations of both families. Had my heart been in unison with the surrounding scenes, I must now indeed have been happy, as I found my husband wise, virtuous, and sincere; and being in possession of all the comforts of life. But, alas! sorrow had preyed so much on my spirits, that even those flattering scenes could not expel the dæmon of melancholy. I know not whether it encreased or diminished my affliction, that the regiment Captain J—— belonged to, was again quartered in Perth. My husband's business made it his interest to be often with the officers; many of them, with their ladies, visited me; but my health and spirits was too bad to find pleasure in any thing. Captain J—— continued his friendship for me, and for some months visited in our family. When my husband and Captain J—— were together, how often have I taken my heart to task, comparing it to a froward child, which if deprived of the bauble it cries for, throws every thing else away. Mr. Robertson was two years younger than me, and had a fine face; Captain J—— ten years older, and not handsome. Here Dryden's observation may be applied,—

The cause of love, can never be assign'd,  
Its in no face, its in the lover's mind.

Thus, Madam, did I exist through the first years of my married state; a mourning bride, and melancholy wife. I was now preparing for a little stranger who was likely to increase our family. One day as I sat musing alone, Captain J—— unexpectedly appeared, and falling upon one knee, he put into my hand a splendid coral, which he begged I would present to the young stranger, whom, he told me, his happiness required he should never behold. Captain J—— left the room before I had courage to reply, and although fifty years has since passed away, I never, from that period, have enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing Captain J—— since. I have been informed he



fold out of the army, sent to France for his niece, took up house in the town of D——, and, if alive, is still single. If my friend, for I dare no longer call him my lover, be yet on earth, may he have regained that peace which I have so long outlived ; or in heaven, may he enjoy there the reward of his constancy, and of his virtues.

With respect, however, to what the world calls prosperity, you see me, Madam, basking in the brightest sunshine of my days. Every succeeding year added to our family and to our comfort. As I ever viewed the duties of a wife and mother in a sacred light, I nursed the infants, and presided over the education of my eldest daughter and son. My children, indeed, were my delight. The short intervals of leisure which my duties allowed, were chiefly devoted to those favoured arts which I ever cultivated with delight. I studied nature with a view to imitate her most elegant productions. A new creation rose beneath my hands.—I formed flowers of art, I painted, and I embroidered. So, like Penelope of old, I charmed away, with works of fancy, the tedious hours during the absence of my lord.

As for Mr. Robertson, if he had not before marriage succeeded in fixing my affections, at least his unremitting attention afterwards, excited my warmest gratitude ; and the consistency of his conduct could not fail of fixing both my love and esteem ; and my endeavours to make him happy, contributed, in a great measure, towards rendering me so likewise. My solitudes and cares became transferred from myself to other objects ; present comforts also softened the rigours of my former fate, and I began to contemplate our future prospects with hope and confidence. But, alas ! I was deluded like an unskilful mariner, who puts his trust in the smooth but deceitful surface of the inconstant deep. In the mutability of life, as in the vicissitudes of the ocean, who can tell what the morrow may bring forth. Let those who have gained the giddy heights of prosperity, remember that a precipice is

near, and learn, from my fatal experience, to tremble at the gulf that yawns below.

With respect to myself, Madam, when I least anticipated misfortune, behold me plunged into a sea of trouble; and, from henceforth, you will see me a wretched wanderer through a vale of tears.

Sickness now began to visit us in the most hideous form; our eldest, indeed, our only son, was seized with a dreadful and mortal disease. The loss of that darling child preyed much on us both; and, to add to our afflictions, our eldest daughter was seized with the same fever the night he was consigned to the grave, and for some weeks her life was despaired of. My husband caught the infection, and was for months in a state of insensibility. I was nursing a very young infant; my bodily strength was rapidly declining, and, by appearance, I was sinking into the grave.

By this time my husband was recovering. One day as I was sitting with my infant in my arms, musing on my late sorrows, I was overspread, as it were, with a sudden and preternatural horror. I flew to my husband, who was sitting with a book in the garden, and, throwing myself into his arms, I exclaimed in an agony, oh! Mr. Robertson, I shall lose my reason. Although I never did, I from that moment was so low spirited that life became a burden. For a long time my husband who attended me with sincere affection, seemed to sink under the weight of my afflictions. He soothed me with his care, and watched over my sleeping hours; but his own health and spirits was inadequate to the burden of his misery. He became incapable of all exertion; and, leaving his other concerns, devoted his time, and all his care was for me alone. It is an old observation, that troubles travel in a train, and oft, in life, form one perpetual chain; this has proved the case with me. My husband's partner was a Mr. Brown, a cousin of his own; a man by no means qualified for business, being brought up by a grandfather and grandmother, with so much tenderness and indulgence, that

even his health was injured but it. Provost Brown was a worthy and honest man, and his grandsons brought up in the practice of every religious and moral duty. Mr. Brown was the friend of every man, and imagined every man his friend. The house had long gone under the firm of Brown, Robertson, and Company, as Provost Brown, and a son-in-law of that name, had long carried on the business. I know not accurately, for I was incapable of knowing the various complications of all those disastrous events which precipitated us into ruin. A bankruptcy ensued, with all its attendant train of horrors; and the failure of a capital house, at the same time, with which ours was connected, involved my unfortunate husband in the same melancholy fate. Thus began the sad series of our future sorrows, in the year 1756. Good Mr. Brown was of too delicate a constitution, to struggle with adverse fate, and he died a few months after,

O poverty! thou curst unhappy state,  
Which no man envy, but which all men hate.  
How thou debases those thou do possess,  
The wise, the virtuous, and the generous.  
Thy breath, infectious, at a tradesman's door,  
If thou but knock, his credit is no more.

I do really believe, Madam, that it was the sudden shock of this unexpected misfortune, that first roused me from the lethargy into which I had fallen. I gradually recovered, and by Mr. Christie's means, my husband was put into the distillery business, which, with better health, he might easily have conducted; but his spirits were too much broken to enter into new cares. The undertaking did not succeed, and he was thrown into prison for an old debt. It was now my turn to comfort the afflicted; I shared in all his sorrows; I watched by his side; and nothing should have separated me from my kind husband, though condemned to the dismal solitude of a dark jail, but the hopes of releasing him by my industry. In a newspaper which I had taken to amuse my husband in his confinement, I saw an ad-



vertisement for a proper person to conduct a new tavern which was building by the Free Masons, in Aberdeen. I showed it to my husband, and begged his permission to undertake it; but he wisely foresaw how entirely I was unqualified for such a laborious office, accustomed, as I had been, to all the conveniences, and, I may add, the elegancies of life; and, in truth, a lady of quality might have been considered as well qualified as myself to become the mistress of an inn. Indeed, my dear mother had instructed me in every branch of domestic œconomy, so that I could be at no loss to set off entertainments in the neatest manner. In short, I laid before him, that I could not be happy in the place I then was, as my feelings was so hurt by the supercilious behaviour of those whose souls I knew to be as mean as their origin. I at last extorted his reluctant consent. I hired a vessel to carry my servants and furniture to Aberdeen, for his creditors took none of it from us; and I was supplied with more by my relations; and, taking leave of the forlorn prison, I set out with my children and my brother, who conducted us northward, in 1762.

The difficulties which crowded round me, inspired me with courage. At first, I succeeded in this new undertaking, for my house was much frequented; and I had it soon in my power to discharge many of my husband's debts, and to release him from confinement, which more than compensated for every toil, and every care. He joined me at Aberdeen, where we once more enjoyed a gleam of tranquillity. Though fallen to rise no more to our former rank in life, I yet enjoyed some comfort in my humble station. It is one of the advantages of adversity, that it renders the mind susceptible to the afflictions of others. I at least enjoyed the luxury of doing some good, if I possessed not wealth to clothe the naked, I yet allowed myself the pleasure of feeding the hungry, for nobody went empty away from my door; and to many a dependant heir have I administered his daily bread, who at this time is wanting only in the will

to requite me. How deceitful are human prospects! A gentleman, from Norway, who lodged in our house, unhappily falling asleep as he was reading in bed, the curtains took fire, and the flames communicating with the other parts of the furniture and building, a great part of which was consumed and destroyed. The unhappy stranger fell a sacrifice to his own imprudence, with all that belonged to him. We were obliged to bear the expence of his funeral; this was, however, but a very trifling addition to the weight of our other losses, occasioned by this calamity, which was soon after succeeded by another of the same kind. In the neighbourhood, our house joined the prison. Two prisoners, who expected to suffer death, set the prison on fire the night before their trial, in hopes to make their escape. The wind was very high, so that our house was likely to suffer. We were full of company, who all left it on the first approach of danger. Wine, victuals, linens, &c. were carried off, the beds pulled down, and every thing rendered a mass of confusion. Soon after, being the 14th of November, I went to bed with my infant in my arms, and next morning was awakened by a servant, informing me that my furniture was seized and carried to the Mason's Hall, and locked up. My debt to them was eighteen pounds, not due till the latter end of December. How far this was brotherly love, to one of their brother masons, I will leave to any feeling member of that society to decide. I now had no place of residence, and was obliged with my five children to turn out into the world. I had not got many miles from Aberdeen, till a sale of my furniture was called, but none went to it but those of the lower kind, so that beds that cost from twenty to thirty pounds, were sold for five. I shall, in this public manner, return my most grateful thanks to the quality and gentry of the county and city of Aberdeen, for the many unmerited favours I received from them, which I shall ever retain a grateful sense of. Nor is it any reflection on the order of masonry that a small number should

divest themselves so much of humanity, as ruin a helpless woman, who had no one to befriend her. I returned to Perth, but, alas! how fallen. I attempted to do something for my family; first, by teaching a school, for which charge, however, the distress of my mind finally disqualified me. Behold, Madam, the grandchild of a King reduced to the painful necessity of relying for her support on that class with which she was formerly too proud to associate with.

The school failing, I attempted to sell a few millinery articles, and in this situation, I became the instrument of real good to my sex. An infamous attorney, who was the scourge of the poor and indigent, though I was a married woman, cast me into prison for a small debt. My husband and myself were sitting peaceably, at our frugal supper, when the ruffians rudely entered and seized me. I had then an infant which I could not leave, so taking the infant in my arms with a kind of desperate resolution which misfortunes inspire, I boldly promised to follow them. They led me into a damp and dismal room, but I cannot say it was not inhabited, for the place was occupied in every part with innumerable rats, the only creature that chills me with horror. Some clean straw was strewed over the floor to keep the wet from my feet, but by chief apprehension was on account of my innocent child, that I nourished, lest he should suffer from the noisome vapours that issued from the walls.

In this situation, I wrote my case to Mr. ———, Advocate; the Lords of Session were assembled, and awarded me fifty pounds as some compensation for the injury I had sustained. They sentenced Mr. G——, the attorney, to infamy. Released from confinement, I continued my little business, oppressed with many a domestic care and foreboding apprehension; amongst which it was none of the least, that my eldest daughter, my majestic Anne, was now rising as a beauty into fame. It is not without tears, Madam, that I yet recal her lovely image, at that time the emblem of innocence and every youthful charm. It was a gene-



ral observation, that in my Anne's features might be traced those of our unfortunate family; for she was the living image of Mary Queen of Scots, equally distinguished for her beauty, and, as you will see, hereafter, Madam, for her misfortunes.

In such circumstances, it was only with sorrow that I could contemplate that beaming beauty which in our original sphere, might have nobly distinguished her. She was sensible, good tempered, and complete mistress of all the fine arts. My youngest daughter, who was called Benjaminia, was less beautiful; but her gentle unoffending nature proved the consolation of my desponding heart. We had also two little sons, who divided our attention and our love. Thus, Madam, you see me oppressed with many cares, but the winds are tempered to the thorn lamb. Through every scene of sorrow I had found an unfailing resource in my brother's kindness. He resided near Perth. It was his kindness that consoled me, and his counsel that directed me.

Some advantage, however, accompanies adversity; if it scatters our associates, it distinguishes our friends. The superstitious contempt that I experienced from many who were once my inferiors, rendered my sensibility more acute to the instances of gratitude from those, who, like the widow in the gospel, had only their mite to give. The following circumstances I never should have mentioned, was it not to wipe off an aspersions on the memory of a gentleman in this neighbourhood. It has been often said, he never minded his friends longer than they could administer either to his pleasure, or profit. That he never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a prudent. This gentleman I had served in my prosperity, when he stood in great need of assistance, he being turned out by his son's mother-in-law, Mrs. S——t of B——. By my husband's consent, I received him into our house, with a servant and two horses, and my husband lent him money on many occasions. He staid some months with us. I applied to his brother, Sir G—— S——t, of G——ly, but could not prevail. Upon his hearing

of my husband's misfortunes, he wrote and informed me, that he did not hesitate selling his watch, and other trinkets, to send me ten pounds. I did not consider it as a debt due me, but as money given me out of charity, which at that time hurt my pride, and the method he took to raise it, sensibly affected my feelings.

I now printed the Lady's School of Arts, which, at the request of some female friends of distinction, I composed at Aberdeen, and I went over to Edinburgh to inspect the Press. Here my eldest daughter, whom I seldom left, became acquainted with Dr. Wilson, nephew to a physician of that name, a distinguished character. He had travelled through Europe and Asia, and, in a visit to China, had been, by a variety of strange accidents, introduced to the Empress, whom he cured of a dangerous disease. Young Dr. Wilson was to be heir to his uncle, who, by this time, possessed a large fortune. He had taken him at nine months old, and intended him to succeed him in China. I appeal to you, Madam, as to a fond mother, whether I had not every apparent reason to rejoice in such a connection for my child.

I consulted Mr. Robertson, whom I had left at Perth. He returned me for answer, as the young gentleman was quite a stranger to him, he left me to act as my own prudence directed. In regard to this much beloved child. She had long refused listening to his addresses, and ordered the maid to deny her being at home. This violent impetuous youth often declared he would put an end to his existence, if she would not marry him.

My dear girl often said, she would rather suffer poverty with her poor mother, than leave her in distress, and marry any man. I was importuned by many to persuade her to become Mrs. Wilson, which, after some time she did. His uncle, Dr. Wilson, although disappointed of his views of placing him abroad; settled him in partnership with a physician near Edinburgh. We see here, indeed, dimly as through a glass, and my accumulated misfortunes,

or rather the various unexpected turns of my evil fortune, has at least taught me one act of wisdom. It is that of joining only in the Lacedæmonian prayer. Give us, O Lord, the things that is good for us, although we ask them not, and remove from us those that are evil, although we were to ask them. So incompetent are we to foresee or to judge of the future. Our daughter, the chief object of our care, being settled to our satisfaction; Mr. Robertson naturally wished to partake of the happiness of his child. The time was fixed for him to join our circle, and I may truly say I anticipated the day with delight. If I never loved my husband with enthusiasm, yet his tenderness, his attachment, and his afflictions, had long united my heart to his, in the most indissoluble bonds, not only of interest, but of sympathy and affection: having been in some degree the cause, although the innocent cause of his misfortunes. I enjoyed the flattering hopes, that by this new alliance I might have proved the means of re-establishing his comfort, and improving his shattered fortune. My son-in-law was not possessed of present riches, but he had great, even extravagant expectations, and my active imagination formed him at once benevolent and generous. I beheld one infant provided for, and ourselves raised by his kindness from obscurity. Soothed by those dreams of future delights, I could not help contrasting the pleasure of our next meeting, with the gloom in which I had parted with my husband. The day on which we expected him appeared, the morning rose with brightness, and my sad soul emerging from its usual weight of sorrow, began to feel the reviving influence of returning hope. But, alas! Madam, the day that I so fondly anticipated passed over without joy. No Mr. Robertson appeared; the night was spent in anxiety, but the next morning a messenger was announced from Perth. It was indeed a messenger, but not of joy. It was a messenger of woe unutterable. A messenger informing me that my husband was no more. Is there on earth another being who has been thus overwhelmed? You may con-



ceive, my despair, but to those, Madam, who have never past through such a scene of horror, all words are vain. I will not do myself the injustice to attempt a description of feelings that human language cannot describe. It was winter, and Mr. Robertson had undertaken the journey on foot; but, like the traveller described by Thomson, the darkness had unexpectedly overtaken him. He lost his way in the trackless waste of a wide common. The winds blew, the fleet descended, and the next morning my dear husband was found among the drifted snow, a stiff, and lifeless corpse. Madam, I also was reduced to a state of stupor, nearly as inanimate as that of death; and, after many hours, had not a friendly flood of tears come to my relief, I should most certainly have lost my senses. Mr. Robertson's death, in 1771, that awful period of affliction, What could I do to provide bread for my four children? I advertised my talents. The skill I had acquired in my favourite arts might now, I thought, be rendered serviceable to my family. The Dutchess of G—— read the advertisement, and with the consent of her lord, sent for me to their castle. Here I passed four months, and could there have wished to spend my life in peace; but the fate of my children was nigh my heart, and called me again to Edinburgh. My brother, too, expected to meet me there, as he annually spent some weeks about that time in the capital. I had often experienced his friendship, and never found him wanting.

I had only been in Edinburgh a few days. Instead, however, of my beloved brother, a letter from my mother informed me that my brother was no more, he having expired in an apoplectic fit. The shock was too much for me, and rendered me incapable of going next day, but the day following I set out for Perth, in order to pay the last respects to his memory. On entering the town, I met the hearse which had carried to the grave the best of husbands, the best of fathers, and the best of friends. My cup of affliction seemed filled to the brim. Till now, I could

confide, should their mother also die, that my brother would become a father to my little ones.

I now returned to Edinburgh, practising and teaching the various arts I understood. Sometime after, Dr. Wilson, the uncle of my son-in-law, died; he divided his fortune in a variety of legacies, so that his nephew inherited but a small part to what he expected; yet still he might be considered as a rich man. Notwithstanding, Madam, that every source of happiness failed so far as respected myself, yet as far as it may be considered that we live again in our children, I had now every thing to hope, as respected, at least, the flattering prospects of my eldest daughter, possessed of every personal grace, and of every elegant accomplishment. I cannot think of her dear image without enthusiasm, for art and nature had poured upon my Anna their choicest gifts; she was accomplished as she was fair, and she was the fairest of thousands. Now, Madam, behold this idol of my heart, brought forth like a gem from obscurity, blazing in her proper sphere; a grace to her family; an ornament to her sex. Where is the mother, Madam, who could behold with insensibility such a child, then worthy of my tenderest affection? But, alas! how visionary are our expectations, how great the deceitfulness of riches? Like medicinal poisons, which according to the practitioners, are either beneficial or fatal to man. So is the application, and by no means the mere possession of riches, which constitutes their intrinsic value to those on whom they are bestowed. Unfortunately Dr. Wilson, whom I will no longer speak of as my son, was not blessed with a mind capable of such a distinction. He had ever possessed a taste for dissipation; and, being now possessed also of the means, behold him plunging at once into the tide of fashion and of folly. He became daily more insensible to her charms; and, as she had born him no children, which his vicious way of life prevented, he now began to treat her with a mortifying contempt. To regain his lost affections, she was induced to flatter his follies; and, thus by gra-

dual and insensible degrees, became herself, drawn into a vortex of dissipation. So dangerous it is to countenance evil, even with a view to future good.

As to Dr. Wilson, he might truly be said, like the inhabitants of Circe's Island, to have been converted into a monster by vice. His habitation was a house of riot, into which, like the unclean spirit in the parable, he introduced unclean spirits, even worse than himself. In a fit of intemperance and frenzy, he even offered to resign his wife to one of his companions. ~~Who, Madam, could be attached to such a husband? From an abhorrence of vice in the abstract, my daughter was insensibly led to abhor her husband also, with whose image it was so intimately connected. She was introduced to all his lewd companions.~~

There was a gentleman who came to Edinburgh to be graduate. He appeared to be a contrast to Wilson, in his address and appearance. He was sober, and sedate; and his whole deportment had more the air of an old physician, than a young man; and the younger class seemed awed in his presence. This Dr. B——, I myself introduced to Mr. Wilson. After the portrait I have drawn, could I have placed a better model before his eyes. Alas! how little are we poor mortals capable of judging of others, or even knowing ourselves. It is God alone that knows the heart, and to him I can appeal, as he alone knew my motive for so acting. It was with pleasure I saw the friendship that seemed to subsist betwixt Mr. Wilson and Mr. B——. Mr. Wilson seemed to neglect many of his former companions, and to court the company of Dr. B——, and Dr. H——, a friend of his. Mr. Wilson's passions, of every kind, knew no bounds. In his fits of intoxication, he has taken his lovely wife and placed her on Dr. B——'s knee, and insisted on his swearing to make her a good husband, as he knew he should not live a twelve-month.

Now Dr. B——, to whom he had so often offered her before, artfully availing himself of her unhappy



situation, exerted every means to obtain her affections. Dr. Wilson having almost ruined his fortune by a course of boundless extravagance, was now determined to settle in South Carolina, with the small portion that remained. Alas! Madam, think with what horror and anguish both I and my daughter looked forward to her unhappy situation, conveyed as it were, to distant worlds, without a mother, and without a female friend, there being no woman passenger but herself, and her husband eternally drunk. She left me on Saturday forenoon, to go to Leith, to wait the sailing of the ship. I parted with her with an aching heart, promising to dine with her next day. Accordingly, Dr. B—— and Dr. H—— called on me to go along with them, but I was too bad to leave my room, and begged they would get Mr. Wilson and her to come up with them in the evening, which they promised to do. Here let me pause; and think this horrid action was not premeditated by any concerned; but, like Judas of old, the devil entered into him at once. Mrs. Wilson had undressed herself, and was in a bed-gown and petticoat. Her husband laying dead drunk, they were informed the ship was just going to sail. She had but a few yards to go to beg the Captain to send the men to get Mr. Wilson aboard, when she was put into a coach and it drove off. She had not a second shift, or a gown to put on, nor Dr. B——, a rag but what was on his back. Had not my evil genius prevented my going down, this had not happened, had it been intended; was I to have been an eye witness, sure she could not be such a paracide as murder her wretched mother. Mr. Wilson soon after awaked, and asking for his wife, no one could inform him where she was. He came directly to my house, believing the gentlemen and she had come to take leave of me. I informed him I had not seen any of them. He behaved like a man deprived of reason, cursing himself and all mankind.

In this manner the night was spent, and receiving intimation that they had taken the Carlisle

road, by the advice of a gentleman of the law, Mr. Wilton and he set off post after the fugitives. They had crossed the country on leaving Carlisle, so that they were not overtaken. In the mean time I suffered the severest torments, hope not even being left me; and each moment expecting to hear of the death of one party or the other. My undone lost Anna, forgetful of her family, and her fame, suffered herself to be carried away from an insulting tyrant by an insinuating lover.

However others might before have thought me degraded, this, Madam, was the first time in which I felt myself really fallen. I had already suffered almost every variety of woe; but this I considered my only—my first disgrace. No longer now, in imitation of my native mountains, could my head be proudly raised above the storm. On the contrary, I began to suffer what before I never could have conceived, the misery of shame, without a consciousness of deserving, it. All my former affections became converted into rage and abhorrence, and with the true spirit of a Lady Macbeth, I could have sacrificed my offspring to my honour. For one whole year I knew nothing of her fate; and six more before I beheld her again, sinking under this disgrace, and ashamed of appearing in the face of day. I resolved to leave Edinburgh, though I had friends there, and was able, by my talents, to provide for my family. My eldest son had been taken by a friend, and apprenticed to Alderman Carr, architect in York; but three children were yet with me, these I took, and looking back with a departing sigh, like our first parents when they left Paradise, I bid adieu to my native country, the wide world lying before me, and God my only guide. Attracted, however, by my son, we proceeded to York, being determined to establish myself near him.

And now, Madam, permit me to draw a veil over many of the succeeding scenes of my life. For, overshadowed as those scenes have been by clouds and darkness yet they afford but a repetition of my former

sufferings, varying chiefly in situation and in time. Nor do I wish to torture the imagination of another, by drawing or representing the ghastly picture of these hideous forms, in which I have been visited by sickness, and every sorrow human nature shrinks at; and as far as each child may be considered as a second self, I may say by death, the succeeding scenes, although crowded with much—much for me to suffer, contain but little, Madam, that can entertain you to read. At York, I found employment in the boarding-schools, particularly in the line of filligree, which, from being long neglected, appeared like a new art; but the place not agreeing with me, I was seized with an asthma. And long confined to my bed in a strange country, where I had neither a friend to assist or console me. I was obliged to sell the few valuables I had about me, to procure necessaries for myself and children, being no longer able to practise the art that supported us. In this emergency, a lady's Barcelona handkerchief was brought for me to ornament with painted borders. I was incapable of the undertaking, but my little son, then ten years of age, took the handkerchief and painted it. The public approved of his taste, and other fashionable ladies sent us handkerchiefs, shawls, &c. to be painted. And thus, by nature, my youngest son, with his little hands, maintained us till I recovered. This darling son, Madam, could draw before he could read, and before he could speak, he enjoyed the harmony of music; and he afterwards honoured his family by his rising, though short lived fame. It was at this time I heard of the death of my mother, who left me the gleanings of her dissipated fortune. Mr. Christie, who died long before her, had left seven hundred pounds in the hands of a merchant in Perth, which my mother was to enjoy during her life; and after her death, it was to have been divided betwixt a brother's children and mine, but the merchant became bankrupt, and there was nothing for us. It was during my stay at York that I heard of my unfortunate daughter. Seven years had elapsed, and I was reading the parable of the lost



sheep. It is my duty, said I to myself, to go after the one I have lost. I made all possible inquiries, and traced her to Dublin. She was house-keeper in the family of the Honourable Mr. M——. She went to Dublin, believing no one knew her there; I wrote to her, and pressed her to come to me. My Anna came, but alas! how fallen in beauty as in virtue. No longer were her smiles the smiles of innocence, her becoming countenance was now no more the index of an untainted mind, and the unspotted whiteness of her skin, fair emblem of unspotted purity, was now concealed by a vile composition prepared to obscure her native charms. Hardly a vestige of her former self remained. She had been obliged to stain her skin with walnut juice; many families who objected to her beauty, had refused to employ her, by which she was in want of bread. How just is Mrs. Rowe's observation—

Under how hard a fate is woman born,  
Prais'd to their ruin, or reduc'd to scorn;  
If they want beauty, they of love despair,  
And are besieg'd, like frontier towns, if fair.

Had my Anna been plain, or even deformed, her soul might have retained its native purity. Woman, like the sensitive plant, ought to shrink at the touch of a designing man. Would women always bear in mind the advice of Dr. Young, who gives his opinion of man in these words—

When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,  
The less obliging, and by favours lost;  
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,  
And scorn you for those ills themselves create.

After remaining a little time with me at York, my daughter went to Hull and Manchester, teaching and practising the elegant arts she had been taught, with great success. By her persuasion, as I did not enjoy my health at York, I also removed to Manchester, where I staid five years, and found many friends. In the mean time, my daughter had gone to London, and meeting with good encouragement, she sent for

her younger brother, and invited me to join her. Dr. Wilson, her husband, was now dead. I went to London in the year 1782, where I found that Anna was going to marry an attorney, a man of no extraordinary character. I therefore took lodgings in the Strand for myself and Minia. My youngest daughter, Minia, was not so handsome and accomplished, but she could vie with her eldest sister in many things. A young midshipman in London courted and married her; the connection was by no means pleasing to me, but as Fielding expresses it, a moth might as soon be persuaded from the flame of a candle, as the young heart from the object of its love. Soon after this marriage, I went to live with my eldest daughter, and we were joined by my two sons. Anna, during the boundless dissipation of her first husband, had contracted an extravagant turn of mind, and it now seemed to increase on her; however, we had business in the arts I have mentioned, and fortune smiled. My eldest son was also thoughtless and extravagant; but his brother was the rising star of our family; sedate and prudent, with a soul superlatively formed for the arts of painting and music. At this time my daughter Anna married a Mr. S——, stationer in Fleet-street.

My gentle and unoffending Minia was now to taste of sorrow. The husband she had married could not maintain her. I therefore took a house near Grosvenor Square, and with my daughter Minia, my two sons, and her husband, opened a shop, the first of the kind in London, for various sorts of fancy works; and here, Madam, I might have made a second fortune. Our shop was crowded with nobility, and we were also employed in teaching the first families in England. His Grace the Duke of D——, made us known to Lady Charlotte Finch, who was of infinite service to us. Windsor Castle, the place of my father's nativity, is now ornamented with great variety of this kind of work. How little did my royal ancestor foresee, that his unfortunate grand-daughter should be reduced for daily bread, to decorate those scenes of

his vices; but my sad story seems to realize the curse of old, that the wickedness of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. Whilst I was thus successfully established in my new undertaking, Mr. Clarke, who had not forgot the roughness of a tar, had some words with a woman, and in his passion called her a w——e, which she most certainly was, if there can be such a thing. He was called before the English inquisition, the Bishops Court, which is well known to exceed all other courts for expence; which expences fell on me and his poor wife. All we could make was scarcely sufficient to satisfy the rapaciousness of the lawyers. Things were in this situation, when my eldest daughter was seized with a fatal cancer, under which she lingered for twelve months, and then died. Madam, you will see me rapidly sinking beneath the weight of accumulated afflictions. My daughter Minia, who had undergone more fatigue both in body and mind than her delicate constitution could bear, having in three years born three children, she was ordered to breathe the country air. Leaving, therefore, with me her two eldest infants, she went to Southampton. During her stay, the eldest took a putrid fever, of which she died, and I and my youngest son took the infection. When my child returned, she found us in this state, and her own health I saw was nearly spent. However, we got through the winter, and as my strength was returning, I expected a proposal to go down to Northampton, to teach some ladies of rank there.

Minia, her husband, and children, set out with me. We parted at Northampton, they intending to go further north, but only reached Leicester, when she could proceed no further. To this place I hastened, having been informed of her danger; but, in a few days, she expired in my arms.

Sure heaven had bestowed its choicest blessings on my gentle Minia. She was so affectionate, mild, and sweet, though the cold grave has long concealed her



from my sight, she will for ever dwell in the imagination of her fond mother.

After her funeral was over, I set off with my two infant grand-children, who had only me to look up to for education and bread. The youngest, when I took her out of her dying mother's arms, did not appear that she could live for many days. I only reached Harburry the first night, which I expected would have been the last of her life. Next morning I set out and conveyed her in my arms, as every jolt of the carriage seemed to threaten her destruction. Seeing a reputable looking man by the side of us, I asked if he was going the same way, and begged of him to come into the chaise that we might ride the more steadily. It was not long before an accident happened to one of our horses, which might have proved fatal to us all; and it was this man who saved our lives, by extricating us from the carriage. This event seemed to realize an opinion I have sometime encouraged, that in many instances the good we enjoy arises from circumstances independent of human prudence and foresight. It was to the care of this kind stranger that we were enabled to pursue our way, by repairing our misfortune, while I sat alone beneath the shelter of a hedge. My little grand-child was extended on my knees, whose life seemed departing with every breath. My watching and my care, however, was not in vain; for my poor lamb was preserved to taste of future sorrows. In a little time, Mr. Clarke, my child's husband, came to Northampton; as soon as he saw his children, he threw himself into an agony of grief. I got him put to bed, and a fever ensued. In his delirium he spoke of shooting me and his children, and doing the same to himself over his wife's grave. For a long time I did not think myself safe with him; and his illness added greatly to my expence.

When I had finished my ladies at Northampton, a letter from my eldest son, who was at Birmingham, inclined me to go to him. Before we reached the first stage from Northampton, a blood vessel burst in Mr. Clarke's breast, and his life seemed to be issuing

out at every step. We were obliged to stop all night. Next morning he was something better, and we set off again and reached Coventry. But in the night I was awaked, being informed he could not live till morning, having lost some quarts of blood. A physician was sent for, who seemed to entertain poor hopes of him. Here was I confined for some days with a man, thought to be dying, and two infants, the eldest not three years of age. But humanity being the true characteristic of the English nation, I was treated with the utmost attention by Mrs. Wilson, (I think the sign is the Half-Moon.) As soon as Mr. Clarke could be moved, we set off for Birmingham. We put up at the Red Lion, where my son had been for some months, and where he had spent some scores of pounds. This vulgar low bred woman received me and my infants, even with bad manners. How great a contrast to the obliging Mrs. Wilson. Next morning I bade adieu to this mercenary woman, and took a lodging at the top of Spireal-street, where I staid near two years. Soon after I was settled there, my youngest son, whom I had left at London, who excelled peculiarly in landscape painting, and was employed as an artist in that line, called on me, being on his way to Ireland, to take views of the lakes and other beautiful scenes in that country. His stay with me was short, but requested his eldest brother and Clarke, to endeavour to make me happy, by paying me every attention; adding, that at his return, which would not exceed two months, he would take me and my two dependent infants back with him to London, where he had been promised a situation, though a young artist, that insured him three hundred pounds a-year. How bright was the prospect, for he was my darling child, and my Benjamin.

A letter, in five weeks after parting with him, came, informing me that this favourite son was in his silent grave; in mercy, perhaps, removed from sorrow to brighter scenes, surpassing even those his elevated fancy formed, or that his magic pencil drew. Whilst my heart was yet bleeding with this fresh wound, my eldest

son and Clarke left me; having, however, promised to remit me a guinea a-week. On this, with what I could obtain by teaching, I and my little ones and a maid might live comfortably. A few guineas only came; Clarke died at Derby, and soon after, I was informed from Dover that my son was on his way to France. If he be dead I know not; two years are past since he left me friendless and forlorn.

It was at this period, Madam, that like Niobe in tears, I was first introduced to your notice. For four generations I had known your family in Scotland, and experienced the balm of their sympathy in my adverse fortune. To whom could I, with so much propriety, make my sorrows known, as to the living image of my former friends. For, alas! I have been long a mourner under the severe effects of that curse pronounced by the Romans of old, may he outlive his friends.

Since that time, Madam, you have known the nature of my sufferings. Having lost my favourite grandchild by a tedious illness, I myself by sickness and many other accompaniments of woe, have often fancied myself the living image of Count Ugolino in Sir Joshua's Cavern of Despair.

My present case at this time, reduced to those of providing for myself and orphan grandchild; in the sixty-ninth year of my age, disqualifies me for a laborious attention, even to my favourite works. And my imagination involuntarily wandering back to former scenes of sorrow, dwelling on the tale of the times of old, the deeds of days of other years, is insensibly become less capable of new creation, even in my former delightful works of fancy. Thus deprived of my children, deserted by the world, and neglected by those to whom I am nearly allied by ties of blood, I thankfully, and joyfully accept your proposal of presenting my case to the Court. To the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton, who are each, like me, descended from a king, but not like me, a miserable inheritor of his misfortunes. Thus, Madam, I resign to your conduct the future fortune of



my orphan grand-child. The wealth of nations cannot heal the wounds yet bleeding at my heart; nor can the mines of India recal my children from the silent grave. That grave to which alone I look for an oblivion of cares. Yet Madam, by your interposition, I yet may pass in peace the future closing scenes of life, whilst one mild gleam of setting light shines on my evening hours.

HANNAH ROBERTSON.

my orphan grandchild. The wealth of nations can  
not heal the wounds yet bleeding at my heart; nor  
can the mines of India heal my children from the  
silent grave. That grave to which alone I look for  
an oblivion of cares. Yet Madam, by your inter-  
position, I yet may pass in peace the future closing  
scenes of life, whilst one mild gleam of setting light  
shines on my evening



HANNAH ROBERTSON